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being devised and planned out by a mere youth is extraordinary enough: the fact of its thoroughly successful accomplishment is still more extraordinary. But now that we have got it it can speak for itself, and, or we are greatly deceived, it will speak to future times. Often as it has been our agreeable duty to praise the orchestra of the Crystal Palace, and Herr Manns, its admirable conductor, we have never been able to do so more unreservedly than now. What would Mendelssohn himself have said to such a performance? At Berlin, in 1832, he could have heard nothing like it—nor, with deference, at Paris either, even when Habeneck was conductor of the orchestra of the Conservatoire, much less now, with M. Georges Hainl from Lyons at its head.

THE RAINY DAY.

BY GEN. D. C. M'CULLUM.

How oft' the sire the son hath told,
Above all else lay by thy gold!
Remember this old adage, Tom,
That charity begins at home.
Be careful, boy, for who can say
When God shall send thy rainy day,
Thy rainy day?

Be prudent, son, in youth be wise,
And let thine elders thee advise.
As years roll on thou'lt surely find
'Tis folly to be over-kind.
In all thine acts let caution sway;
Hold all thou hast for rainy day—
For rainy day.

Let spendthrifts all exult to tell
How sympathy their bosoms swell,—
How happiness their hearts doth thrill
In mitigating human ill,—
'Tis crime, my boy, to give away
What thou may'st need for rainy day—
For rainy day.

Ah! see yon miser grasp his pelf,
With not a thought beyond himself,
Whose demon eyes see nothing good
But glitt'ring gold—his life, his food.
Yea, gold he has, but who dare say
That he'll not see dark, rainy day—
Dark, rainy day.

God's curse must rest upon that heart
Whose interests are from men apart—
A wretch, whose selfish, narrow mind
Is deep disgrace to human kind.
The time must come when no bright ray
Shall beam on his dark, rainy day—
Dark, rainy day.

Oh! place some confidence in man,
Nor dare thy neighbor's heart to scan,
For who can tell where strikes the rod?
Of this let judgment rest with God.
On side of mercy lean away,
Nor dread nor fear thy rainy day—
Thy rainy day.

Poor child of earth, what's life at most?
A few short years in tempest tost.
Ah! turn thine eyes to heavenly shore,
Where deeds of mercy go before.
Though thou may'st err, be kind always,
And God will cheer life's rainy day—
Life's rainy day.

[From the Boston Musical Times.]

FRANZ SCHUBERT AND JOHANN MAYRHOFER.

In a gloomy room, on the third floor of a house in the Wipplingerstrasse, at Vienna, there lived, in 1820, two men, who seemed to be very unfit for each other.

The oldest, a middle-sized man, had a somewhat staring look, his mouth being frequently distorted with a sarcastic smile. He was sitting with a pipe in his mouth and a guitar in his hand, thoughtfully looking downward. His hand touched the instrument from time to time. This was Johann Mayrhofer, the poet.

His companion, who was younger, was remarkable for his fat, round face, his pouting lips, his large eye-brows, his flat nose, and his curled hair, which gave a Moor-like appearance to the whole head. This was Franz Schubert, the king of song.

They had lived but a short time together, but had been for years acquainted.

Though Mayrhofer's poems, generally more heroic than lyric, seemed to be little adapted for musical composition, the all-conquering talent of the youthful composer, who, during his short life, composed upwards of six hundred songs, overcame those inapt forms. Who ever heard of any of the compositions of the youthful maestro—who had no type—who incessantly created new songs—without being touched by them. His music awakens longings in our hearts.

The fate of the house in the Wipplingerstrasse—namely, that of being forgotten—would have been shared by Mayrhofer's poems, had not Schubert given to the poet's words so beautiful a garment of music. As it is, they are uninterruptedly brought before the public, and Mayrhofer's name combined with Schubert's melodies, is wafted to posterity.

The young composer leans on the window-sill, and looks down upon the gloomy street. In memory, he wanders back to Lelecz, the country-seat of Count Esterhazy. They played, they sang, and Caroline his only pupil, and first love, was singing his songs and playing his compositions. And now, behold, a carriage passes through the gloomy street. A charming young lady sits in the carriage, which is drawn by fiery Hungarian horses. She unconsciously looked up to the window; Schubert recognized her. His face wore a sudden look of pain; he had been thinking of her, and now she passed his house. The name of Caroline was on his lips. Mayrhofer, who had slowly approached the window, saw his emotion. He commenced laughing, as he was used to do, and looked around for his stick, to use it as a spear against his friend, saying in the Viennese dialect, "Was halt mich dennab du kloaner?" But Schubert did not this time take the friendly joke. Without a word, he went to the piano, and commenced to play his "Divertissement a la hongiers," with those melancholic gipsy-melodies which, in former days he heard at Lelecz. On a sudden he sprang up, and cried, "Therese awaits me!" and went away. While he was hurrying towards Lichtenthal, where Therese Grob—whose clear sweet voice touched the high D—had to sing his songs for him, the poet sat at home, and stared at the floor. More and more he forgot what was going on around him, so that he did not observe when his landlady, Frau Sanssouci, entered the room, and repeated the often-told story, that

Theodore Korner, during his sojourn at Vienna, had lived in that very same room, and that he was a very gay young man. He could not understand how it was that Franz cared so little for his love. He silently took up his pen, and turned his attention to some historical work, which he had undertaken to write. In the evening, when Schubert entered, he had, after his daily work, given audience to his muse, and with a new poem for music, he had advanced towards his friend. It is the one in which his poems is mentioned under the title of "Der Einsame." Schubert listened, nodded, as a sign of his approval, and laid down on the bed, putting his spectacles on his forehead, as he was used to when meditating, and for some time remained silent. Then suddenly he arose, sat down at the piano, saying, "I have found it!" and played the new composition. In this way the poet and composer assisted each other.

Years have passed. Mayrhofer and Schubert do not live together any more. The former has become morose, and is more and more estranged from life, whilst he avoids all gay society—especially after the failure of the edition of his poems, which he had published at the request of his friends—whilst he can only smile at his dear Schubert's songs. Schubert enjoys life. Schubert is comfortably sitting with his friends, the poet Bauernfeld, the painter Schuore, etc., in the "Ungarische Krone."

They are walking, gay and happy, through the dark streets, after having drunk the fiery Hungarian wine. They go in the direction of the Danube. The moon is shining through the clouds which are parted by the wind. They do not know and do not guess in their mirth that there is a man standing on the bridge near them, staring at the roaring waves which seem to call to him, "Come, come! Down here there is repose and peace!" They neither see nor guess that the man jumps into the Danube, and is taken out after a few minutes by a sailor who had watched him. They arrived when the man was standing on the shore, and to their greatest surprise they recognized him as the unfortunate poet Johann Mayrhofer. All joking has ceased. Schubert takes the hand of his unfortunate friend. But the latter withdraws it, and wildly laughing, cries:

"I hadn't thought that the water of the Danube would be so cold," and moves away without greeting or thanks. The friends determined never to speak of the occurrence, and they kept their word, for Mayrhofer's attempt to commit suicide was not disclosed until after his death.

The 19th of November, 1828, drew near. Schubert's compositions had more and more found public applause, but as yet he hardly earned a living. He never understood how to profit by his works. The private concert which he gave in March, previous to his death, and in which only his own compositions were played and his first and last—just as the Countess Caroline Esterhazy was his first and last pupil—perhaps because she had been his only and hopeless love; a love of the greatness of which she had perhaps no idea. What he had written about himself to a friend had become true, namely; "Imagine a man whose health will never recover, and who, in despair thereof, makes it constantly worse instead of better; imagine a man, I say, whose brightest hopes are destroyed, to

COPENHAGEN.—A new opera, *The Maid of the Alders*, by Herr Hartmann, is in active preparation.